

willing that the vials might be ten times as numerous, a hundred times as large, and the wrath a thousand times hotter, even in "this scorching weather," when an election is just ahead, and the Argus is already beginning to sweat over the political fire, that is cooking its loaves and fishes. In that case, there might be some reason to hope that the Argus might be purified from a few of its disorders, and get some one of its hundred eyes open to the light of truth.

I will inform the Argus, that even these vials of the wrath of truth were not "poured out on its devoted heads," in consequence of the favor of being trusted with several dollars, the most of which favor was in direct opposition to my will—but wholly—entirely—in consequence of the evil that I believe the Argus to be doing among men—by advertising for mountebanks and jugglers, thus assisting them in carrying thousands of dollars from the city annually, while the oldest man in the city, now over a hundred, is separated from all his acquaintances—denied the privilege of walking in the streets among men, and is buried alive in the work house—and while poor and sick people—as I have said again and again—are actually suffering for proper care, and the coarse necessities of life.

But how is it, neighbor Argus, about those "several dollars"? As they have been twice alluded to, doubtless with the intention of grinding me into silence between the millstones of riches and poverty, I will tell the story myself.

Be it known, then, to all the world that I, some years since was indebted to the Argus several dollars, and after paying the bill—I sent word to the publisher—by the carrier of the Argus, to whom the bill was paid—that I should like to take the Daily Argus six months on account of the local news, which I was too deaf to hear, and the price current, ship news &c., and was particular in requesting him to see the time—six months—noted on the book.

The paper was accordingly left at the place as directed, without further orders.

When I surrendered every thing I had to creditors, I had paid the carrier of the paper, I believe \$1.20, leaving a balance of \$1.20, the bill being \$2.50 for six months.

I informed the carrier of my circumstances, charged him to be sure to inform the publisher, and discontinue the paper, telling him I would pay the balance as soon as in my power.

I was then absent from the city most of the time for more than two years, during a part of which time, the paper was left as before.

I am assured that the people at the houses where the paper was left, repeatedly told the carrier, that the paper was not wanted; that I did not receive it, and had requested it should be discontinued. At length being informed that it was not discontinued, I wrote to the publisher, my request was noticed, and the paper stopped.

After this when in Portland, the collector of the Argus called on me with the bill. I told him honestly my circumstances, that I had

just given my great coat for a debt, and had nothing on earth I could pay then, but notwithstanding the bill was more than I thought it justly should have been, I honestly intended to pay it as soon as in my power.

I have never blamed the publishers, nor harbored the least ungenerous feeling towards them for continuing the paper as they did for very likely the carrier might have been in fault; and have blamed myself for trusting to him, even though they did; but I have no fellowship with that spirit of meanness, in that unprincipled paper, in its attempts to crush me, and close my mouth under the car of poverty, because, while pleading the cause of the poor and needy, I am forced to expose the hypocritical course it pursues, in whining about the good of the nation, and the people, while it will sell itself to the "Old Harry" for a few paltry dollars, and take the bread from the mouths of the hungry.

Several months since, and before the first No. of the Pleasure Boat was issued, the Argus published a long article headed "Horrors of Millerism," which article closed by "commending the evil to the attention of all public authorities, and private citizens," and prayed that success might attend their efforts to abate it, &c. The leaf was then turned over, and a Millerite's farm was advertised for sale.

I leave it to every reader to say how honest the Argus could be in its prayer, when it was ready to go counter to it for the price of advertising. It looked to me like sheer hypocrisy, and no better than the prayers generally offered by the hypocritical priests in their temples.

As I had returned to Portland, with the expectation of spending the summer, I innocently concluded I might claim the name of citizen, notwithstanding my poverty, and wishing to counteract the influence of the advertisement, I responded to the call of the Argus, and wrote the following which was published in the Bulletin.

#### Horrors of Millerism, and some other iron.

I notice in the Daily Argus of the 13th inst under the Editorial head, an article of a column and a half, headed "The Horrors of Millerism." The article closes by commanding this evil (Millerism) to the attention of all public authorities, and private citizens, and even prays "that success may attend their efforts to abate it, and prevent its spread and desolating consequences." The very next page of the same paper contains an advertisement of a poor deluded Millerite, offering for sale all his real estate and personal property, "as Christ's disciples are commanded to sell that ye have and give alms." As a friend to humanity, I wish to ask a question or two which appear to me perfectly reasonable, and can but hope the Argus will answer them. Did the Editor publish that long article, on the horrors of Millerism, merely to make his paper interesting to his subscribers, without caring the value of four and sixpence, how much desolation and misery the Miller doctrine might cause? If so the people ought to know what a weather-cock of a paper they are reading. Or was he sincere, and truly desirous that the desolating consequences of such an error might be prevented? How then could he, for the paltry sum of fifty or seventy-five cents, deny his own doctrine by inserting the advertisement of that poor deluded man, and thus assist him to squan-

der his hard earnings among pickpockets, artful, unprincipled Priests, and other idle fanatics, and bring desolation and suffering on himself and family. I have thought that no honest man would purchase property of such deluded people, and it is painful to find that any paper is willing to assist them in throwing their property among sharpers. Speak out neighbor Argus, and explain the mystery.

J. HACKER.

The next day the following appeared in the Argus, notwithstanding its collector had been informed of my poverty, and that I was too honest to appeal to a bankrupt law.

"We notice some questions proposed in the "Bulletin," to the "Argus," over the signature of "J. Hacker." We know of no special dispensation that Mr. "J. Hacker" has to catechize us. We shall, however, undoubtedly be better disposed towards answering him, when he treats us with the civility of "calling at this office," and, by paying his old delinquencies, enabling us to balance his account."

It appears from this, that the call of the Argus on "all citizens" to prevent the "Horrors of Millerism," did not extend to me—I had no right to claim the privilege of citizenship—no right to respond to the call of the Argus, or use my feeble efforts to save the Millerite and his family from becoming beggars, because, forsooth, I was a poor man, and had chosen to be honest, and struggle on and try to pay my debts, whether just or unjust, rather than become an honorable rogue, and settle with the Argus, by appealing to a bankrupt law, enacted by that carnal government, for which the Argus has been laboring all its days—and because I could not prevent the "Horrors of Millerism" without exposing the "horrors" of Argusism.

After reading the paragraph in the Argus, I went directly to the office, told the editor, my circumstances and offered to take off my great coat,—the only thing I could give him, (and which had been procured by a loan from a friend to humanity)—as part pay—he refused to receive the coat, saying he had garments enough. I then told him, if he would have patience with me, I would pay him all if ever in my power.

Notwithstanding all this, the Argus has again attempted to crush me under the weight of poverty, and close my mouth.

If what I have published about the Argus is false, why not prove it so? And if true why not forsake its inconsistent course and deal honestly?

I know not whether this will make "three columns," I know however it is more than I have had any desire to write under present circumstances; this being written on my knee, after a fit of bleeding at the mouth, which has been brought on by over exertion in spreading truth, pleading the cause of the poor and needy, and in attempting to keep the Boat afloat a little longer. And when I can write no longer, my blood may seal the truth.

The Argus says "verily, Jeremiah thou art wrong." If it means that I am wrong in being in debt; I admit it. It would be better for me, or any other honest man to dig ground-pots for a living, than trade on credit, and I have heartily repented of the sin, though if I at length pay all, I do not expect to find forgiveness, of all men as long as I tell the truth.

If it means that I am wrong in exposing its hypocrisy, why not point out the wrong, rather than join the cry of the priests, "it is wrong," without telling wherein.

This single act of the Argus—this skulking from the truth, I have written, under the cry "several dollars," when it has been offered the very coat from my back, should strike from its subscription, the name of every man that ever spoke the name, Christ, or even, heathen.